IronWatch

Issue 20

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A Message from the Editor

Welcome back to another thrilling edition of the IRONWATCH fan magazine. This time around we have in-depth tactical analysis for Kings of War, heart-pounding stories for Warpath, a wonderful Deadzone battle report, and much more.

Dreadball Xtreme's Kickstarter has just finished wrapping up, with a final total of $575,755 of their original $100,000 goal: That's 575% funding, and what I'd call a rousing success! Keep an eye here for stories, new releases, and more relating to this exciting expansion to the brutal sport of Dreadball.

Also, for those of you who are planning on sending us new content, please be aware that our email has changed to ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com! Be sure to message us there, and we'll get your content in the magazine in a jiffy!

Finally, whether you're a new reader or a from-the-beginning supporter, thank you for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Smith

Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** *attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

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The Iron Forge

Welcome back to the Iron Forge!

This week we have:

- Darren Lysenko, with an amazing Dreadball team stylized after a certain genius billionaire playboy philanthropist with a suit.
- Matt Gilbert, with an awesome Deadzone Helfather mercenary
- Steicy Jourdan and Vincent Pascaud with a sampling of superb models painted for a commission of all of Dreadball Seasons 1-3 teams and MVPs!

Be sure to let us know what you think of them in the Feedback thread on the Mantic forums, and keep your eyes peeled for more inspiring models next month!

By Darren Lysenko

By Paul Scott

DARREN LYSENKO

The following text was taken from "Starkiron Tony - The Unauthorised Biography" by Nick Rather-Cross:

"I'll be damned if Tony wasn't the best of his generation, the most promising Dreadballer I ever saw. Nobody had the moves, nobody had the speed, nobody had the *imagination*, that he did. He could walk into the arena and hell, even his opponents would cheer him. I was proud to have known him. We were friends.

But then it happened, like it always happens to any arena-jock with a little bit of class. You know the ones - the guys and girls who stand just that bit taller than the rest of their team. The team gets a stiff neck looking up at them, and they make enemies.

Same thing happened in his last days playing for the *MarvelCorp Millionaires*. And yeah, like it always happens, it started with a girl.

Well, okay, it started with a Ref-Bot.

Her name was Reffer-Botts and she had the kinda black-chrome sheen that could make microprocessors fizz and a hammered-steel shell so hot it'd make even a Judwan look

DARREN LYSENKO

twice..."

The author goes on to say:

"Starkiron Tony threw it all away for the love of a robot, a damned robot. Soon after they got it together, Tony was booted from the *Millionaires*. Sure, it helped that Botts turned a blind eye to every dirty trick and sleight that the *Millionaires* pulled, but having Tony mooning over that mechanized harlot and - on at least two occasions - stopping games mid-flow to declare his love for her over the PA system, turned the team into a laughing stock. In the end, the rest of them were glad to see him go."

DARREN LYSENKO

In the final chapters, Nick Rather-Cross muses upon the second phase of Starkiron Tony's career:

"The *Starkiron Tonys* might well have been his last throw of the dice. After his firing from the *Millionaires,* no other team would take him - at least not for the credits he was asking for. And so now he stands, the last of his fortune and hopes poured into his eponymous team - their armor patched and battered, but the best he could afford. Beside him, as always - on the pitch and off - stands Miss Reffer -Botts.

Do I think he'll make it? I think he might.

Does *he*?

I asked him that once. He told me:

"Man, I'm unstoppable. I'm like molten metal. I'm fluid, I'm malleable and I absolutely *can not be broken.* I'm iron, man."

"Starkiron Tony - The Unauthorised Biography" by Nick Rather-Cross will be available for direct cerebral download this Fall.

Matt Gilbert

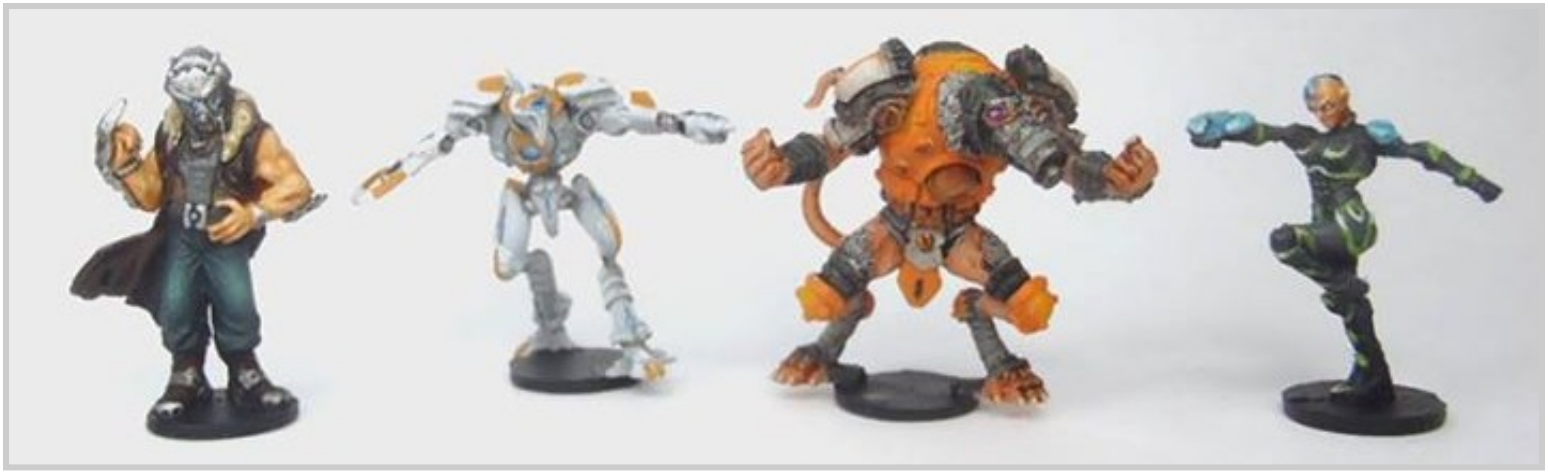
After deciding that I was going to paint the Helfather this month, I spent a long time trying to imagine how I wanted the model to look. After prevaricating for ages I decided to assemble him and spray him white, hoping that would kick my imagination into life and give me some ideas. At one point I had settled on the idea of yellow, red and black but then couldn't decide exactly how I was going to apply that in a scheme I would be happy with.

Then I noticed a model I had in my games-room; a plastic terminator from GW that had been given away with a White Dwarf years ago and that I'd entered into a painting competition (which was in fact to see who could paint the free model the best!). I'd painted the marine brown and it had turned out rather well and so I finally resolved on trying something similar for the Helfather.

The brown is Calthan Brown from GW with Strong Tone wash and then highlighted by mixing in Dheneb Stone. Regular readers might have noticed I have a lot of (and really like using) the old Citadel Foundation Paints. That's something else I have Ronnie to thank for as he introduced the range. The red and yellow at the end of the gun make an interesting contrast to the muted colors on the rest of the model but not so much as to look out of place. The grey gun is a nice neutral color linking the two contrasting parts together. Often I don't think in such terms as I paint – I realize that's what's happened after the event when I have time to assess the finished piece (or sit down to write about it). I guess my subconscious is painting on my behalf.

Matt Gilbert

Steicy Jourdan and Vincent Pascaud



Steicy Jourdan and Vincent Pascaud

Mantic Calendar

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums, or email us at ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

April

3rd—Adepticon.
Runs from the 3rd to the 6th.
The Westin Lombard Yorktown Center, 70 Yorktown Center, Lombard, IL 60148, United States

5th—DreadBall Tournament.
Wargames Workshop, Milton Keynes, UK

12th—Salute.
ExCeL London, London, United Kingdom

13th—Kettering Games Club - DZ and DB demos

20th—Shadow Games - DZ and DB demos

24th—Hemel Hempstead Wargaming Club - DZ and DB demos

26th—Clash of Kings Regional Tournament.
Firestorm Games, Cardiff, United Kingdom

By Marcel Popik

Mantic Calendar

By Guiseppe Aquino

May

4th—Diceni.
The Forum Trust, Millennium Plain, Bethel Street, Norwich NR2 1TF

10th—Carronade – Falkirk
Graeme High School, Callendar Road, Falkirk, Stirlingshire, FK1 1SY

Clash of Kings Regional – Stockport.
The North West Gaming Centre, Stockport

19th—Darksphere 'Games Day' - DB and DZ demos.
Arch 186 Hercules Road, London, SE1 7LD

24th—Welsh Regional DreadBall Tournament
Firestorm Games, Cardiff, United Kingdom

30th—UK Games Expo 2014.
Runs from the 30th of May to the 1st of June.
Hilton Birmingham Metropole, NEC, Birmingham, UK

June

1st—Partizan – Newark.
Kelham Hall & Country Park, Kelham, Newark and Sherwood District, United Kingdom

6th—MassaCon.
The North West Gaming Centre, Stockport

Mantic Calendar

11th—Origins 2014 (Columbus OH) .
Runs from the 11th to the 15th
Columbus, OH, United States

14th—Clash of Kings Regional – Nottingham
St. Michaels & All Angels Church, St. Michaels Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, NG174GP

15th—Valhalla – Farnborough.
Community Centre, Farnborough (Elles Hall)

21st—Conclave Ireland.
Runs from the 21st to the 22nd.
Thomond Park Stadium, Cratloe Road, Limerick, Ireland

28th—Wartorn – Scarborough
Runs from the 28th to the 29th.
South Bay, Scarborough, North Yorkshire

Clash of Kings Regional – Brighton
King & Queen, Marlborough Place, Brighton, United Kingdom

By "WeedyElf"

Q&A WITH CHRIS PALMER

By Boris Samec

(Organized by Matt Gilbert)

The Mantic Q&A feature contains questions from the community via the forum, answered by Chris Palmer, Web and Events Coordinator at Mantic Games. If anyone wants to ask a question they can do so here: http://forum.manticblog.com/showthread.php?6876-Mantic-Q-and-A-for-Ironwatch

The retail blister packs of Deadzone mercenaries were apparently shipped with a paper 'card' - will retail buyers be able to get a proper replacement card at some point?

The stats for the mercenaries were printed on the back of the blister card, that's correct.

We're printing a "proper" mercenary card deck in the summer, so replacements will be available.

Are we still looking at March for the Deadzone short story compilation or will it be April?

April – all of the stories are great and we're just putting the finishing touches to it.

What are the chances we might see a Hardback Rulebook DreadBall Compendium?

Probably not likely, maybe the next edition?

Many people were sad that Fisty Glue Man didn't make an appearance in DreadBall Xtreme. Was there any particular reason? When will he next appear?

He's not very friendly and refused to be photographed.

Besides, everyone knows "There's only ONE Fisty Glue Man!!"

When we see the next hard plastic troops sprue of five men (+ a few extras bits) for Kings of War?

We've got a pretty neat idea that even Ronnie is keeping to himself – too soon for teasers as it's a big bit of work.

Q&A WITH CHRIS PALMER

Who owns the old metal giant that is on the windowsill in the front office? And when will we get a similar sized and optioned one for KoW?

It is Ronnie's – Dave repaired it for him. It's an old GW Giant I think, I've no idea to be honest, my knowledge doesn't go that far back! A Kings of War giant? It would be pretty cool, wouldn't it? Probably a bit too soon for us – let us crack infantry first, and then we'll move on to the bigger things!!

There is a lot of interest in the news about mini kickstarters:

- **If there is a Deadzone one, will this be for adding new units and models to existing factions or for creating whole new factions? Will the scenery be added to? What about a new design of mat?**

- **If there is a Kings of War one, what will the focus be? Will it be about filling in the gaps in the existing range or replacing metal and hybrid kits with plastic ones?**

- **Or both… or something else!?**

Hmm - what would you prefer?

I think we would like to fill in the gaps for Kings of War and convert some of the metal to plastic, add new units and factions to Deadzone – definitely more scenery and a new mat design would be cool. For Kings of War, something else might be fun too…

By "Dusty"

Dwarf King's Hold kickstarter? A Mantic dungeon crawler could be a big seller! How do you plan to decide on if you will go for a hard plastic dungeon or good quality thick cardboard tiles? How far along are you in planning for multiplayer DKH?

Dwarf King's Hold Kickstarter eh? Is that something you want? Hard plastic dungeon would be cool but very expensive, I think after DreadBall Xtreme we're looking for something with a little less tooling, so probably thick card tiles. However – a hard plastic dungeon has to happen at some

Q&A WITH CHRIS PALMER

point, right?

If you have anything planned - any hints about the genre of the next external IP-based game; Fantasy, sci-fi or "other"?

We're looking at a range of licenses but nothing confirmed. Could be fantasy, could be sci-fi – could be modern ;)

Is it true Ronnie kept the Prince Adam outfit to give to whoever replaces James?

No, something far worse… it involves a beard and shouting VERY VERY LOUDLY.▪

By "ManticFanBoyLAD"

By Boris Samec

Tactics for Kings of War

By Rob Allen, aka "Briohmar"

I have been an avid tabletop wargamer for more than 3 decades, having started with Knights and Magick from Heritage Miniatures, USA, then moving on to a new game called "The Chaos Wars" released in the US by Ral Partha, and Wahammer Fantasy Battles. Move forward a couple decades, I am a retired military intelligence analyst, and from 2001-2003 I was assigned to a unit that taught tactics and the Military Decision Making Process (MDMP).

One of the important documents we focused on was the 9 principles of war: **M**ass, **O**bjective, **O**ffensive, **S**ecurity, **E**conomy, **M**aneuver, **U**nity of Command, **S**implicity, & **S**urprise, also known as MOOSEMUSS. I had played a game of Warhammer against a friend in which I got tabled on a Sunday afternoon, the following morning, as I was

getting my coffee in the office, I looked at the MOOSEMUS paper we had hanging above the coffee machine, which got me thinking. On reflection over coffee that morning, I realized I had violated at least 6 of the 9 principles in that game, and that if I were to improve, I had better put my tactical and strategic knowledge to work.

Mass means bringing the right amount of force to overwhelm your enemy at the critical point on the battlefield. This can be in decisive hand to hand combat, or through use of firepower. In wargaming terms, this means to achieve mass, you should be able to win the fight on the charge, luck of the dice notwithstanding. Obviously, theory comes into play here, but the key point of massing your forces at the right time is gaining the overwhelming edge. In KoW, this can be achieved by a combined charge front and flank (or rear) that will force the enemy unit to break.

It can also mean combining your missile fire on a single target to either waiver, break, or reduce its strength to something that can be easily overcome on a charge. It sounds simple on paper, but it isn't always so. Using hunter-killer teams or using a formation of units is a way to achieve mass at the critical point. Heavy cavalry in Kings of War may not win the fight on their own, but if you do a frontal charge with an infantry unit supported by a cavalry troop charge in the flank, the odds of the enemy unit holding are

By "Daedle"

By Grant Mahoney

severely reduced. Hunter-killer teams are effective when you are using an economy of force fighting style. One of the clearest armies in Kings of war for hunter-killer teams is the ogres. Ogres will never out-number their enemy on the table, so need to develop a means to achieve mass in a much more limited way.

Objective is defined as each unit has a specific purpose on the battlefield. In game terms, this can mean seizing and holding an objective, destroying an enemy unit, hunting warmachines, or defending your own artillery. When you place a unit on the table, you need to know what its specific purpose is. Obviously, objectives can change in the course of a game, but this should often be considered a follow-on mission. Have your units accomplish their mission before changing what you want them to do if at all possible.

It is also very important to understand your over-all objective, and the objectives of each unit before you even deploy your first unit. If a unit's mission is to hunt warmachines then it needs to be fast and elusive. A good warmachine hunter is not likely to survive more than a round of combat when charged.

A flanker force should consist of both hard and agile units, such as light and heavy cavalry or flyers and monsters. Flankers will likely have to break through at a point in the line, so require some hard hitting force to do so.

Offensive is just that, if you have the initiative, your enemy does not. It means fighting the battles of your choosing in the means you want. This works hand in hand with mass. If you allow your opponent to play the game of his choosing, you will likely lose the fight. You need to take and hold the initiative, and force the opponent to adjust to your style. In so doing, you will have the greater advantage.

In 30 years of wargaming, I have only won a couple of battles in the defense, so I am not the best choice for discussing a defensive fight. Just so you can understand my mindset on this, when I was an infantryman, our unofficial view on defense was: "If they tell you to dig in, dig well. The hole you fight from is the hole you'll be buried in."

Security is a key factor in preparing your force. All too often I have seen a player send his un-killable unit out into the open without any support, and have watched said invincible force get wiped out. Security and reserve go hand in hand. If you have warmachines on the table, you need to have something to protect them, or you are handing your opponent victory points.

If your knights are advancing down the flank and get too far ahead, someone will flank them, and then you are left without your hardest hitters. If at all possible, try to pair your units to ensure that they won't get flanked, it is the same as covering your pieces in a chess game. If you put out an

By Guiseppe Aquino

By Jonathan Faulkes

unprotected piece, he will be taken. Again, the example of hunter-killer teams comes into play, the hunter is the anvil, the killer is the hammer, but if either gets hit head on, then the other can flank to protect.

I was in an Armored (tank unit) in 1991, and one of the things that was always important, even to the M1 battle wagons, was that you have a wing man. In Desert Storm, Iraqis tried to climb on top of the tanks to plant explosive charges on hatches or electronics, etc. The wingman's job was to hose off his partner, in this case spray the top with 7.62mm machine gun fire. This was not enough to damage the tank, but it did do a number on the infantryman standing on it.

Economy of force is one of the harder concepts to come to grips with as a force commander, especially on a tabletop battlefield. It is our natural inclination to place our forces across the width of our deployment zone. This can be very detrimental if it is a smaller points game or a force such as ogres. When you are spread out too far, you lose continuity of the force, and you end up sacrificing security for appearance. A 1000 point ogre army is going to have most likely 4 units plus a couple characters.

If those four units are spread across a 4 – 6 foot area, there are holes in the line you can drive regiments through. This is quite literal. Part of economy of force is accepting risk. You know you can't control the whole battlefield, so instead control what you can in keeping with the other principles. My 1K ogres have two regiments, two troops, and three characters, these form two teams who operate fairly close together to ensure mutual security.

Such a tight knot of force can bring a lot of mass, thus my opponent with units all over the battlefield now has to adjust his entire army to respond to the threat. I maintain offensive using the two teams as hunter-killers that each protect the other's flank, and then they punch through in a single location. Suddenly, in order to counter, the enemy has to re-align his entire army, and ends up piecemealing his forces into me

without ever achieving the mass needed to defeat me.

Maneuvering your force is so much more important than fighting. In the grand scheme of things, it is the agility of your force that will allow you to achieve mass at the critical point. Maneuver can also be defined by the formations you choose. The three formations I am most likely to adopt against you are the echelon (either left or right), the double envelopment (or beast horns formation) or the wedge. I will choose which formation to adopt based upon the terrain, the enemy I am fighting, and the mission.

That however is a topic of discussion for a separate treatise. I can see now that I am going to want to write separate reports on METT-T (Mission, Enemy, Troops available, Terrain, and Time) and OCOKA (Observation and fields of fire, Cover and concealment, Obstacles, Key terrain, and Avenues of approach) for wargaming.

What is important about this is that each of my units will maneuver to accomplish their roll (objective), maintain security, reach point to mass, and force the enemy to adjust (offense). The formation selected will also help me to mitigate the risks to an acceptable level (economy of force), and will allow me to achieve my desired end state; winning the game.

Unity of command really only comes into play when the game is more than one player per side. Large games can be problematic in following the principles as each of your fellow generals has a battle plan, and if there is no coherent oversight, then it can all go horribly wrong. Close to a decade ago,

By Matt Gilbert

By Michael DeFranco

Games Workshop stores put together the million point game. Each store worldwide was supposed to play a good vs. evil army game at the same time.

During that game, I carefully lined up my forces, and was ready to crush my opponent and start the march down the flank of the good army when the guy next to me made a bad move that completely screwed up my plan. (I was on the extreme left flank of the table, so my breakthrough would have enabled the entire evil army to crush the good guys.) The mass never happened because of the poor plan of the guy to my right. It is very important when playing a multi-player game that each player knows the plan, and understands what is going to happen to his left or right.

Simplicity is another factor that doesn't really matter as much on the tabletop battlefield. Simplicity means the plan is easy to understand so that everyone knows his job, and how his job impacts on everyone else's jobs. Again, if in a multi-player game, each player on a side is doing his own thing, then there may not be a win, but if all the players work together on a plan that everyone can understand and follow, then there is a much greater chance for victory. (It is always important to remember when making a plan, the enemy gets a vote.)

Finally we come to **surprise**. This is a principle that is very hard to achieve on the tabletop battlefield because both generals have a bird's eye view of the battlefield and can see where all of the action is happening. You can still surprise your enemy by doing something completely unanticipated. I can remember a game where I had my big nasty knights all set to run down a unit of dwarfs with crossbows when they did the one thing I would never have expected; instead of shooting me they charged me, as did the

unit of crossbows next to them, who just happened to have a flank. The short shooters ended up wiping out my knights, instead of dying to a man (dwarf).

In a game more recent, an orc krudgiment charged a regiment of human arquebusiers. The humans held, and instead of counter charging, the two units left and right of them shot the orcs, as did two cannons and a wizard. End result, orcs dead or fleeing, human line unbroken.▪

By "Maccwar"

2014: Year of the Orc

– Part One –

By Jonathan Faulkes

My first ever Mantic purchase was a regiment of Orc Axs. I'd not played WHFB or pew pew (40k) for a few years but had enjoyed painting models as part of my post-work wind-down process. Twenty models for £16 (ish) was a great deal so I bought, built and painted the Axs and added them to my existing WHFB Orcs and Goblin army on a shelf in my man-cave.

Having read up on KoW and seeing the lack of "abusability" within the game, I decided to invest in 2 boxes of the Dwarf Army box set. For a very reasonable price, this gave me the backbone for an army.

I've now played with Dwarfs for just over 2 years and whilst they are tough and have devastating cannons, I've reached the point where I want to try something new. So what's the polar opposite of dwarfs? Yep – Orcs.

Army Selection – Philosophy and restrictions

I sat down with BattleScribe and set about writing a list. I wanted a Krudger on something as I've found them to be really devastating (high attacks, high Me and high CS). I also wanted to include Gore Riders as they are the ultimate heavy cavalry unit in KoW. They are very fragile but cheap and devastating on the charge. It kind of struck me at this point that an all mounted army would be fun to play – like a Mongol horsemen horde or the Dothraki from "Game of Thrones". This would not allow me to use Sniffs (the most under-rated unit in the Orc army?) or Trolls (really cool models) but I was willing to make this sacrifice for a unique and fun army.

One other restriction is that I intend to play the army in a number of Pathfinder events in the UK throughout 2014. With that in mind, I knew that the point limit would be 1600 and that I wasn't allowed to choose more than 3 identical units. The other, often overlooked restriction is that you can't claim objectives in Pathfinder events with Troops of infantry or cavalry. That means that you need to maximise your core units. The last restriction wouldn't impact me – regiments only unlock hero or a warmachine – not both – but as Orcs don't have warmachines, that wasn't an issue.

Army List Creation

I tend to start my armies with the absolute must haves. In this army, that was 3 units of 10 Gore Riders, 3 units of 5 gore riders and a Krudger on Chariot. These are (IMHO) the best units in the Orc army and I therefore wrote these down immediately. The next step was to work on adding to my core units. Due to the Pathfinder and self-imposed restrictions, I had two choices – FightWagons or Chariots.

Whilst both seem superficially similar, there are some key differences. Fightwagons have a devastating number of attacks (up to 36 for Regiments of 6) but lack one pip of CS (just CS 1) compared to Orc Gore riders and Chariots. What impact does this actually have though? Comparing Fightwagon troops (150pts) to Chariots troops (120pts) and

applying a bit of "MathHammer" predicts that a troop of fightwagons kill 2.7, De 6 troops per 100 points compared to 2.5 per 100 points for Chariots. Ok, chariots are faster than Fightwagons but both are slower than "normal" cavalry and faster than "normal" infantry (exc Elves) so I don't see that as a big minus. On De4+ troops, the numbers improve to 5.3 vs. 4.2 per 100pts (a whopping 8 wounds for a Fightwagon regiment!). Doing a similar analysis on Gore Riders (3.6 / 100 pts vs. De 6 and 5.9/100 pts vs De 4) shows how good these troops are. Make no mistake, in a fully unrestricted army you'd want to maximise Gore Rider Regiments and Troops!

So – after the Maths it became clear that Fight Wagons would be the most suitable. I needed to boost my regiment count so I chose 3 troops.

The final must-have in any KoW army is a source of inspiration. You really, really need to have multiple sources to stop your units running away when your opponent rolls a 10 or 11 on the nerve check. No Orc Krudger goes to war without a number of flaggers, ideally on gores, to inspire his troops. Flaggers are also useful to use as "cruise missiles" to shutdown cannons, balefires and other nastiness. I went with 3 flaggers on gores.

Now the obligatory count-up: Can I fit in another unit? I decided that my Krudger would need some extra assistance and so a second Krudger on Chariot was added. I still had a few points spare so I started to review the magic item list and see what could add value to my army.

Magic Items – Pigs will Fly!

Who can resist the cinematic image of a flying chariot? Really? No, neither could I. Out came the almost obligatory Wings of Honeymaze and straight on to one of my chariots. Not only would this add an extra "clear and present" danger for my opponents to focus on but it would also allow a degree of model building fun – should I feel up to the challenge. The last 5 points will be spent on the war bow of kaba. OK, so Orcs don't really do shooting (except the sniffs) but a single shot at Ra3 and piercing(1) for 5 points. It may, just may, cause a nerve check at a critical point.

So here's my list for the Pathfinder event:

Solid Units

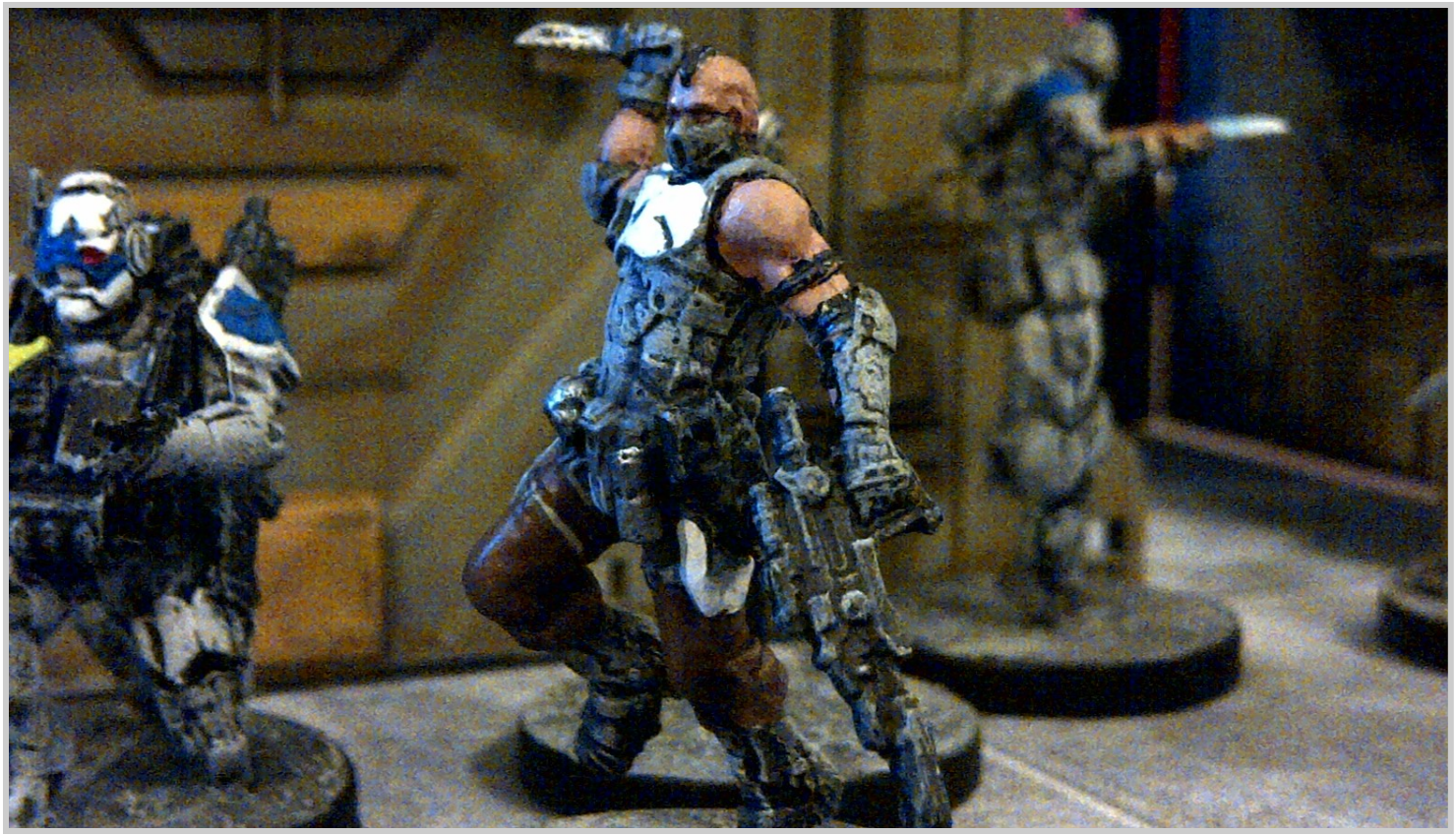
* Fight-Wagons Troop
* Fight-Wagons Troop
* Fight-Wagons Troop
* Gore Riders Regiment
* Gore Riders Regiment
* Gore Riders Regiment

Units

* Gore Riders Troop
* Gore Riders Troop
* Gore Riders Troop

Heroes/ Monsters

* Flagger on Gore
* Flagger on Gore
* Flagger on Gore with War bow of Kaba
* Krudger on Gore Chariot with Wings of Honeymaze
* Krudger on Gore Chariot



By Paul M.

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Part 2

By John Hoyland

VI
Shuttle Run
The Laughter Stops Dead

The shuttle pushes heavenward on hunched, wide engines. It's an outdated model, a reliable old packhorse kept on for menial work when it perhaps should have been put out to pasture. Menial work like ferrying supplies to the orbiters or shipping out spares to work crews servicing satellites.

Or taking prisoners to their place of execution.

The cargo bay, a modular design that can easily be fitted for any number of purposes, is currently filled by a back-to-back bench, two rows of twelve chairs, complete with mag-lock cuffs welded to the armrests. Twenty-one of the chairs are filled by military personnel of various ranks, the most senior of whom is Colonel Stephan Holst, although there is no way of telling who holds what rank because the soldiers have all been stripped entirely naked. In execution there is nothing to distinguish private soldier from commissioned officer.

The twenty-one soldiers have been described by the court martial and by the

press as 'associates' and 'accomplices' in a drug-trafficking ring worth millions. The reality is that none of them have ever met each other and this has been claimed by the prosecution as a very deliberate move on the part of Holst – keeping his crew away from each other on all military books – in order to make their movements much more difficult to track. That they have been brought to justice is being hailed as a great achievement for – and indeed by – military intel.

They are all of them innocent of the crimes for which they are soon to be executed.

One or two of them are in tears. Several of them simmer with anger. Most of them are numb to it, unable still to comprehend how this has been so thoroughly pinned on them.

All of them are entirely impotent to do anything about their situation.

The shuttle is reaching the upper atmosphere now, and the condemned men and women can feel to effects of gravity on them beginning to lessen.

Not long now.

The thrum of those powerful engines dies back. The vibration running through every surface of the shuttle lessens until it is nothing more than a series of short, sharp shudders as vector thrusters manoeuvre the shuttle into its marked coordinates.

The shuttle has a crew of four. Not one of them has at any point been heard over the intercom. The last voice heard by any of the condemned, or at least the last voice from outside of the cargo hold, was planetside. It was the voice of the officer in charge of the execution party wishing them, in deeply ironic tone, a comfortable ride.

The lights dim.

A red light flashes into life. It marks death.

One of the men, a young soldier – a boy really – lets a sob escape his lips.

"Can that, soldier," orders Holst, though not unkindly. "Remember who you are. No fear.

By Pete Kijek

Even in the face of death."

A pause.

"Sorry sir," the boy soldier manages it without a quiver.

"No reprimand this time soldier. Don't let it happen again."

The boy soldier laughs. The irony of the joke is not lost on him. The laughter takes hold of him and several of the others pick it up. Gallows humour, it's as old as humankind.

There's a hydraulic clank. A hissing rush of air. The laughter stops dead.

VII
A View to a Kill

The viewing deck of the grand cruiser *Seraiah* is serene. Its armor plates are drawn back to allow the vista of space to drift overhead. The agri-world of Lanwar's Fields fills much of the starboard view, the String Nebula lazily wafting behind it and off to portside.

Victor Olborro is watching neither the planet nor the nebula. He's watching a shuttle slow itself to a standstill, taking up a geosynchronous orbit alongside the cruiser. Olborro stands at ease, hands clasped gently behind his back. He is in full dress uniform. His aide, Kul, is alongside him.

An electronic chime warbles.

"That's the cue, sir," mutters Kul, fully aware that Olborro knows what the alarm signals.

By Vincent Pascaud

Perfectly on cue, the shuttle's cargo bay doors begin to open. *Like the petals of a flower opening to the sun's warmth*, thinks Olborro. A haze of air jets free and dissipates into space.

Then the bodies begin to emerge. And they are indeed no more than bodies by this time: For all that spacing is a death reserved for common criminals, it is a quick death. The moment the bay doors are opened and the

cold of the void gets in, those being executed are dead. It takes only seconds.

From this distance, Olborro has no way of telling which of the bodies is Holst; they're clearly human and clearly naked, but beyond that, the distance is too great. It's difficult even to tell the sex of the bodies at this distance, but Olborro knows full well that seventeen of them are men and four of them are women.

He knows this because he is the one who set them up.

He watches in silence as the bodies disperse. Alongside him, Kul tries his best to keeps his eyes on the view, but he can't help but glance at Olborro every so often. Now and again his jaw twitches with tension. *Damn, but Victor Olborro is a cold-hearted bastard!*

Eventually, Kul coughs politely.

"Yes?" Olborro's eyes don't stray from the vista before him.

"Sir, with all due respect, I have a great deal to do."

"Of course. Carry on."

Kul clicks his heels together and snaps off a salute. He waits for a moment to see if Olborro will return it. When he doesn't, Kul turns smartly on his heel and marches from the viewing deck.

On the whole, executions sicken him.

VIII
Of Gunboats and Strong Drink
Video Evidence

Sector Chief of Staff Victor Olborro is the most powerful man for several hundred light years in any given direction. Nominally, he holds the Naval rank of Admiral and the Army have accorded him the rank of Field Marshal. He sits on the Executive Board of the Office of Internal Security. Legions of Marines are his to command. Enforcers are almost certain to answer any call he makes. Frigates, gun-boats, grand cruisers, hunt/kill drones, orbital defence platforms… all these things make war at his bidding.

And all of these things are about to become

By Grant Mahoney

entirely useless to him.

His doorbell chimes. He places the tumbler of one-hundred-and-twenty year-old fodk delicately back on the side-table next to his favourite leather chair.

“Identify,” he tells the air.

++Visitor is Chief Aide Lieutenant Kul++ the computer tells him.

“Admit.”

The door to Olborro’s quarters slides open. It looks to be mahogany but isn’t. It’s such a good likeness though that he has never yet met anyone who has spotted that it’s a fake.

Kul enters. “Sorry to disturb you, sir,” he says. “Palmbook, sir. Just up from planteside. High-spec courier drone. Marked for immediate attention.”

Olborro motions for Kul to hand him the palmbook and lights it up once it’s in his hand. It jumps immediately to a looped vid-feed.

Olborro sits motionless. His jaw clamps tight. Fear and anger light up his eyes. The anger soon fades though.

The fear remains.

He is still still.

“Sir?”

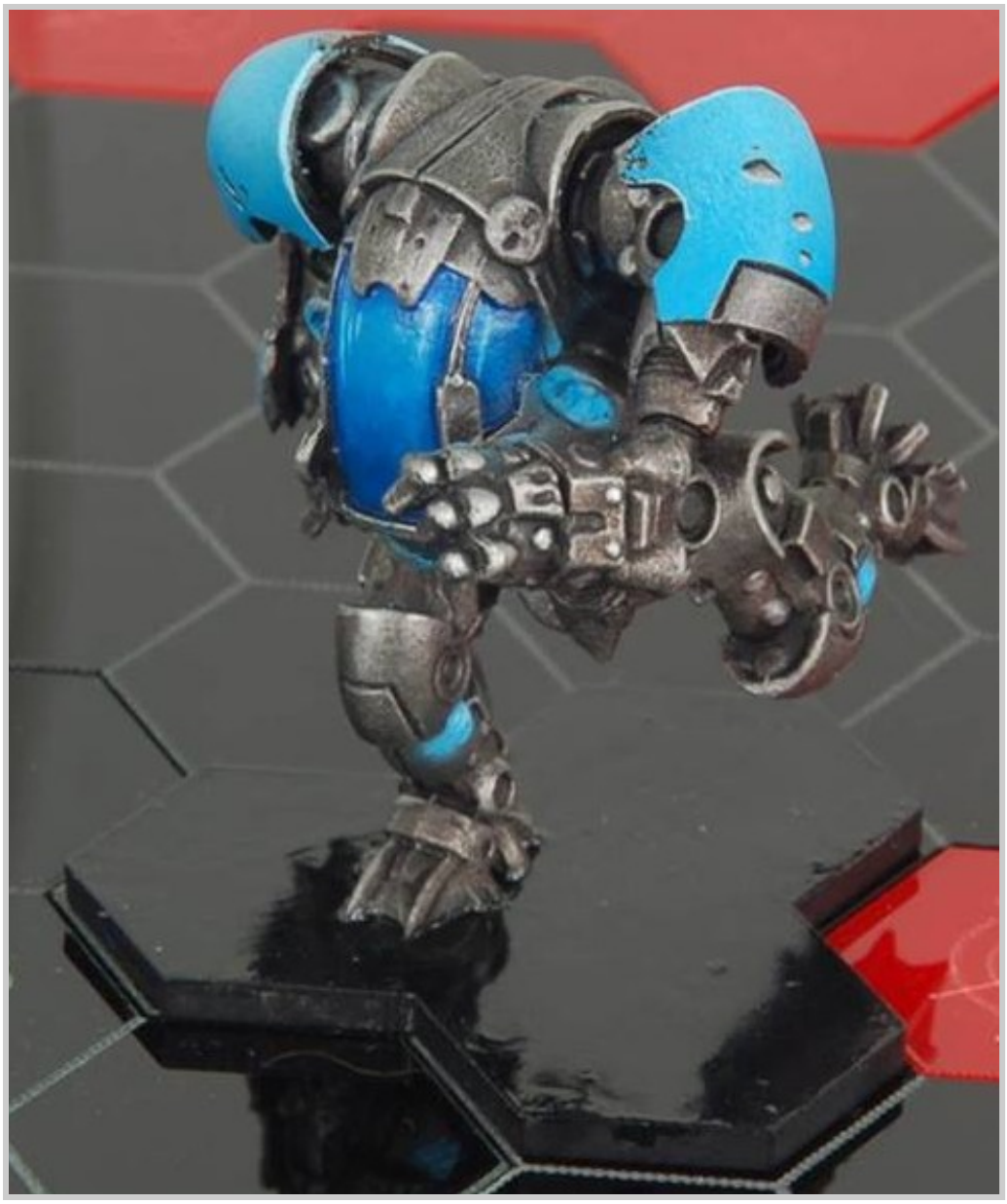
Olborro does not reply. He can’t take his eyes off the screen.

IX
A Very Proficient Technician

By Paul M.

The technician strolls along the corridor, boredom sloughing off him almost palpably. There’s a broken slot machine in the private rec room of Sector Chief of Staff Victor Olborro’s handpicked bodyguard. Perish the thought that Olborro’s elite should have to spend an evening devoid of their slot machine.

The technician reaches the rec room, sniffs to clear his nose and puts a palm to the key-screen. It lights up green and the door slides



By Chris Schlumpberger

open. Several of Olborro's kill-team turn to look at the technician, but other than the odd muttered, 'about time,' no-one pays him much attention. They're all amusing themselves in other ways. Cards, smokes, vidbooks.

This suits the technician perfectly. He opens his kit-bag and pulls out a snub-nosed LiG-3 semi-automatic. There is no more compact semi-auto to be found in the GCPS, or at least none half so good.

By the time any of Olborro's kill-team realise what the tool is that the technician has pulled from his kit-bag, it's too late.

Agent 357 is utterly efficient in his movements. The LiG-3 spits laser death at each and every man in the room, white-hot bolts of energy lancing through victim after victim, cauterising perfectly punctured holes through each one. The only sound is the *zipzipzip* of the LiG-3 and the thud of bodies crumpling to the floor. Not one man manages even to shout out.

Agent 357 deactivates the LiG-3's power cell, places the weapon back in the kit-bag and, as bored as he was when he entered the room, the technician leaves.

And heads towards the quarters of Sector Chief of Staff Victor Olborro.

X

Paralysis

A Switch of Perspective

A Disparate Group of Disillusioned Fools

"Sir?"

Olborro still hasn't moved. Sweat has broken

out on his forehead and a vein in his neck is throbbing.

"Gnnnhh…" he says. Surprise lights his eyes at this and he tries to look up at Kul. He can't. He's suddenly almost paralysed.

With an effort of will, he manages to look up at his Aide.

"Whunnhhh..?" he says.

"Sir?" asks Kul again, concern worrying at his features.

And then he smiles.

"Oh," he says. "Can't move? Can't talk? Well that really is a shame."

Olborro's eyes frown.

"You're dying, *Sir*," grins Kul, managing to make the title into an insult. "It's going to take a while and it's going to hurt. Someone – and I genuinely have no idea who, although we work for the same organisation – has added a serum to your fodk and it's a particularly unpleasant mix. There's enough of the stuff that's paralysing you in there – I forget its name, it's alien anyway – to drop a teraton, but the adrenalin mixed with it should keep you conscious through it all. Your heart rate is going to keep increasing

By Marcel Popik

By Matt Gilbert

until your body can't take it. First capillaries, then veins, then arteries will burst under the strain. You'll sort of, *pop*, I suppose. I'm not sure what it will look like, truth be told. I've never seen it happen. I'm intrigued. Morbid, I know, but there you have it."

Kul checks his wristpiece. "We've got a minute or so yet, I think, so allow me to indulge myself, will you?

"There's an agent on his way here. The Office of Internal Security have assigned him the number three-five-seven for this operation. He's got no idea that you're already dying and that he really needn't bother, and he's got no idea that he's going to die when he gets here, but there we are. I'm going to kill him, you see. Oh, he's fantastically good – one of the very best I've ever seen. The Office should be very proud of him. I'm sure they are, in fact – but I'm better. A boast, I know, but it's true. And the thing that should really, *really* worry you about that is that I don't work for the Office. I don't work for any department of the GCPS."

Kul leans in close to Olborro's ear. "I'm a *Reb*," he whispers.

He straightens. "That's what you call us, isn't it, in your disdain? Rebs? Suitably informal. Suitably loose. Makes it easy to persuade the populous that we're just a bunch of freedom fighters, with no particular agenda or politics. Just a disparate group of disillusioned fools.

"But the truth is, the *truth* is, we're far more organised than you know and we go far, far higher than you know. All the way to the very top. Do you think I could possibly know the identity of the Office agent on his way here if we didn't have a mole right at the very top feeding us information? For that

matter, do you think we could run an organisation modelled on the Office – only far, far better at its job – without inside help? Too bad for you that there's not a damned thing you can do with the information I'm giving you. Because you're dead. Did I mention that already? I did? Oh. Well, there we go.

"Anyway, time presses. Agent 357 will be here any second now. Better make ready hadn't we?"

Kul pull his sidearm and screws a flash suppressor to the barrel.

The door chimes.

XI
An Agent of the Office
Exit Wounds
So Long and Farewell

Agent 357 palms the key-screen outside Olborro's office. Ordinarily, the palm-print of a lowly technician wouldn't be anywhere near enough to open the door to the private quarters of a Sector Chief, but Agent 357 is only one of a number of agents working the Olborro case and another of the team has made sure the door will slide open at his request. It's a very sophisticated piece of work.

357 has the Lig-3 in his hands and raises it to his shoulder as the door slides open.

Chief Aide Lieutenant Kul is pointing a pistol at Sector Chief Victor Olborro's head. Agent 357 isn't expecting this. He switches the Lig-3's aim to Kul, momentarily uncertain.

"Whoa there, three-five-seven! Easy, easy!" says Kul quickly, raising his hands and opening up his grip on his pistol to show he's no threat. "I'm Office, I'm Office! I'm going to reach for my ident, nice and steady like."

A flicker of suspicion twitches at Agent 357's eyes.

"Gnnnhhh!" slurs Olborro urgently from his chair. 357 throws a momentary glance at him, taking in the purple face, the throbbing veins, the fear and pain in the eyes.

By Ian Powell

It's all the distraction Kul needs. In the swiftest of movements he levels his pistol at Agent 357 and squeezes the trigger. Three tiny needles of metal squirt from the barrel and pierce Agent 357's chest. No sooner have they encountered the solid mass of his chest than the points blossom into flower, shredding internal organs and tearing flesh. The exit wounds they leave are monstrous.

Even 357's preternatural reactions aren't quick enough for him to be able to return fire. He drops noiselessly, suddenly nothing more than so much meat.

"Depressingly easy," mutters Kul. He looks at Olborro. The Sector Chief's hands are a mess; they're blood-blistered from fingertip to wrist and the dark mass of burst vessels below the skin is moving up his arms, vanishing beneath the sleeves of his uniform.

By Paul M.

"Not long now, I think," he says. He takes a business card from his pocket and holds it up in front of Olborro. "I'm not honestly sure if you can read this," he says, "Given the state of your eyes" – the Sector Chief's eyeballs are bright red – "But I wanted you to see it anyway. I'll leave it here." He places it on the side table, next to Olborro's bottle of fodk. "Time for me to take my leave, I think."

Kul holsters his sidearm and turns to go. "It's been a pleasure," he says. "An absolute *pleasure*. At least, in the last few minutes it has.

"I'd say 'farewell' but I think the chances of you faring well are slim." He cocks his head to one side, considering. "We'll settle for 'so long.'" he says.

And leaves.

XII
Business Card

It isn't until the next day that anyone notices the absence of Olborro, Kul or Olborro's bodyguard team. When the security detail sent to search Olborro's suite force the door to his quarters open they find a very, very messily dead Sector Chief of Staff.

They also find a business card.

It reads, simply, '*The Maelstrom is coming*.'▪

Saga of Shard Sea

By Andre Evans

Lt Hawke looked over the edge of the trench at the oncoming mass. The trench network here had been hastily dug at the beginning of the conflict to give cover to civilians as they were loaded into the transports ships to take them across the shard sea. In the beginning, there was only a token force, something for the civvies to see, make it look like they were a priority. The brass had stationed 95% of their force surrounding the mountain ranges. They had monitored the pods landing on the planet, and assured all forces it would be easily contained within the ranges. How wrong they were.

'The fools' he thought, spitting into the dirt at his feet. Looking at the mass of bodies ahead of him one last time, he turned to his men.

"Gentlemen, this is not a good situation we are in." He looked along the assembled men in front of him. He didn't sit well with the weight of command, but for the 43rd, he was the highest ranking officer. This meant he had to step forward, and do what needed to be done.

"In fact," he took off his helmet "The situation is dire, worse than dire." He shook his head for moment, clearing his mind. There had been 50 divisions transferred to the planet, and now, the remains of the last

By Boris Samec

By Grant Mahoney

7 were holed up here covering the last civilians onto the transports. The spaceport was on the other side of the ocean, and the mining operations were all based down around it. They were basically leaving the upper continent to the invaders, and the sea was going to stop them getting to the lower continent. The military was just there to protect the civilians, the workforce. He muttered a few curses to himself, before looking up at the assembled men once more.

"We have to hold this line, we need to finish evacuating the civilians. They are the priority, not us. We signed up for this life, and if we need to, we will give ours to let them get on those boats. We need to hold off these bastards for an hour, and then we need to evacuate ourselves on the landing craft when it returns." he saluted the soldiers "may the council smile on us, and prepare to give everything. Now, load up, and get to your positions." He turned, and stepped onto the firing step, facing the oncoming onslaught.

22 minutes later, hell had certainly descended on them. He lost count the number of insectoid bodies they had accounted for. The line was holding, for now at least. The civilians had all been taken, now they were waiting for their transport. To return. Hawke stepped down to reload his pistol, wipe the ichor and sweat from his face. The bodies of his men laying around the trench, mercifully, most were dead. The corpsmen were treating some, evacuating the others to the port ramp, waiting. He watched some corpsmen scurrying down from the 18th further along the trench network.

"Corpsmen, how are you holding?" He asked wearily. His body was sore, his arm was trembling. He felt like it had been going on for days rather than minutes. He only knew he had to keep going, to keep fighting.

"We've been hurt hard Lt. The 23rd and 25th are effectively gone. Cut off from the rest of us, massive casualties. Last communication we had said they were lost, and count them out for evac. The docks are over flowing with wounded, and the ships still haven't responded." The corpsmen shook his head "Sir, its not going well, if the transports don't arrive soon, were done for."

"Okay, thank you Corpsman, get the wounded safe." Hawke watched the soldiers take the stretcher they were carrying down the trench, before turning to his communications officer. The soldier looked worse than he did, a chemical burn on one side of his face, and his arm in a sling. He the officer still held his sidearm, and was still fighting alongside them all.

"Comms, get on the combat network, I want to know who's in charge now." Hawke ducked instinctively as an explosion went off behind him.

"On it Sir." The officer turned to use his comms equipment while Hawke stepped back onto the firing step, and began blasting into the horde once more. They came in waves, and for ever wave they turned back, infinite numbers of others remained. The soldiers around him fired in well ordered drills, the heavy weapons mounted behind them blasting onto the oncoming mobs where they fighting was thickest. They were still holding, they could do this he thought.

"Sir, combat network HQ on the line, transferring it to your ear only Sir." The comms officer said through his earpiece as the clicking line suddenly cleared.

"Combat HQ, Major Koon here. Identify."

"Lt Hawke Sir, authorization TBL4. Requesting status update as to command chain."

"Confirmed Lt, checking lifemonitor readings now." Seconds later, the line spoke again "You are the command chain Lt, promotion approved, your rank is now Captain. You have command of our ground forces. Congratulations Captain."

"Affirmative, request information regarding transport status."

"Transport is 6 minutes out, will dock for 2 minutes only. Get all onboard in that time you can. Transport to space port will be about 11 hours."

"Confirmed. Lt..... cancel. Confirmed Capt Hawke. Out."

Hawk heard the line go cold in his ear. He stepped down off the step, and began issuing withdrawal orders through the combat network. He then watched the troops further out the trench system running past, moving to the docks to take up the last line positions. Soon, he ordered his own men, and the subsequent units to fall back.

By Marcel Popik

By Matt Gilbert

As the transport pulled into the dock, the injured were all ready to go. 1 minute later the majority of the forces were onboard, he looked across at the remains of the trench network. He had decided one division would have to stay to cover the transport leaving, the remains of the 4th had volunteered for the duty, and he had insisted they keep the fast inflatables to try to save who they could. He knew by reputation the 4th would be willing to sacrifice themselves to keep the dock free if needed.

The transport began to pull away as the attackers began pressing into the dock, when the main transports was 20 meters out he watched the remaining troops of the 4th running to the inflatables and bolting from the shore. The swarm behind them began swamping the dock area, their bodies falling into the sea when they began flailing around. The troops covering the dock from the transport deck fired into the mass, but Hawke swiftly ordered them to stop, they might need every round before the dày was through.

The inflatables were pulled onto the ship, the wounded were being treated, and they began the long crossing to the spaceport. Hawke turned back to see the insectoid horde had stopped. There were still a few sounds of gunfire from troops who had been cut off, or injured who refused to leave their posts. Effectively, they had been beaten, soundly.

He turned to step down from the edge of the ship when something caught his eye. Across the dock the insects were tearing apart the bodies of the fallen soldiers, but just off the centre of the line there was a person. It was the shape of a man, looked like a man, but was unmistakably alien. It was stood, staring

By Chris Schlumpberger

at him. If it didn't look so alien, Hawke would have said it had been studying him as he was studying it.

He turned away from the alien body, and went to look at the forces that remained under his command. He knew if they were to survive this, they would have to fight harder than they had before. The enemy were completely alien to them all, and the tactics they had learnt would need to be refined. They couldn't afford to be beaten again.

*****

The alien stood amongst its brethren, hearing the clicking of the others as they began to strip all the biomatter from the flesh aliens. They had a quota to fulfill if their queen was to prosper on this planet. The central water area in the planetary body would delay them, but it would not stop them. It listened to the sounds from its brethren, hearing in their sounds the excitement of having matter to return to their queen. He began to move through the throng of the others, before stopping, and looking down at one of the bodies. It was a soft flesh construct, clad in a limited protective layer. He looked at the drones, fulfilling their duties, while the observers like him moved through the mob.

He knew that the planet would be taken eventually, and that was all he could have hoped for. For the drones with their lack of will, the overseers, the observers, even the queen herself, they would survive, they would grow. the empire of the Zz'or swarm would take all.▪

CAPTURE & CONTROL

By Rob Burman

The Marauders take on the Rebs in this Deadzone battle report from the War & Peace Games Club.

Captain Grok surveyed the abandoned laboratories and a huge toothy smile spread across his green face; this was going to be the easiest 50 million credits he had earned. The coded message had come in yesterday, asking him and his crew of Marauders to land in the recently declared Deadzone on planet WPX103 and guard the labs until Corporation reinforcements arrived.

Before landing on WPX103 a scan of the planet detected no life forms in the area, so clearly the Plague had either killed each other while in the grips of their blood lust or moved to a different part of the planet… probably chasing the few remaining survivors.

With no Plague near the labs, Grok had decided to bring a skeleton crew of troopers along for the trip – leaving the big boys back on the ship. They deserved a rest after taking on that infected Teraton during the last mission. Grok shuddered as he remembered the Teraton's terrible screeches as it ripped through the flesh of his Marauders.

Just as Grok was considering how he was going to spend his share of the credits on the Pleasure Moon of Zandrex, a blur of movement near one of the laboratory buildings caught his eye… something red ducking behind a stack of barrels. Could it have been an Yndij? While reaching for his binoculars a bullet pinged off the air conditioning duct to his right. He slammed himself to the ground but before tucking into the cover, he spotted a human in ill-fitting armor reloading his gun. Rebs! Perhaps this wasn't going to be so easy after all.

Grok wonders if he's brought enough Mawbeasts along.

Still, although Grok had left the heavy hitters behind, he did have one surprise up his sleeve.

"Release the Mawbeasts!" he barked to a nearby trooper…

Here at the War & Peace Games Club, you could say that many of us are Mantic fanboys (Fantics, if you will). We regularly play

Steve's Rebs line up for battle

Kings of War and last year had an epic Dreadball tournament that went on for several weeks. So, with Deadzone the latest game on the Mantic block, we've been getting to grips with the rules since last year and have now got our collective heads around *almost* everything. Our latest scrap saw my Marauders going up against Steve's Rebs.

For my Marauders, I decided on the following:

Commando Captain (13 points)
Two Goblin Snipers, one with a jump pack because it sounds cool (14 points)
Commando Pyro (7 points)
Four Mawbeasts (20 points)
Three Commandos (15 points)

While Steve's Rebs looked like this:

Rebel Commander (16 points)
Rebel Yndij Sergeant (11 points)
Three Rebel Humans (12 points)
Rebel Yndij (6 points)
Rebel Grogan with Desolator (12 points)
Rebel TK-Zero Weapons Team – AKA Shark Dude and Rocket Girl (12 points)

SET-UP

After placing all the terrain Steve drew a card saying we had to turn the board around and deploy from the sides of the board, so we swapped some pieces of terrain around just to make sure there was enough cover at the start. The three objective markers were spread across the middle of the board, while

the items were fairly evenly spread out too.

Steve set up his Rebs first, using cover wisely to keep most of them out of the Marauders' line of sight. Meanwhile, having so many Marauders (because I had chosen relatively cheap units) meant I had to spread them out across the deployment zone. I tried to keep most in squares on their own, so Steve couldn't just blaze away at multiple units but wanted to try and keep the Mawbeasts together as a pack so they could cause the most damage.

ROUND ONE

REBS

Rebs drew a card to go first and Steve launched them straight into combat. Starting with his Commander, armed with a Sniper Rifle, he used a Battle Card to move her on top of a nearby building and tried to pick off one of the Marauder Troopers. Thanks to her Marksman ability and the fact she was a level above the Trooper, she had a whopping six dice to hit on a roll of 5+, while the Trooper had just three dice to survive on a 4+. The Rebs Commander rolled four successes, while the Trooper only had two successes, this meant that (thanks to the Commander's Armor Piercing 1) the Trooper was dead… a headshot through his skull.

Next the Yndij Sergeant joined his Commander on the building and took a shot at one of the Mawbeasts. Again the higher elevation gave him an extra dice on his shoot roll, meaning it was four versus three. The Sergeant rolled two successes on a 5+, while the Mawbeast only made one Survive roll with a 6+… resulting in an injury and getting pinned.

Now it was time for the Rebel TK-Zero Weapons Team to do some damage. The team, known as Shark Dude and Rocket Girl had previously been one of Steve's most effective units, so I was a little nervous when they took aim at a Trooper. The TK-Zero works by targeting one model before the blast damage affects the adjoining squares. Steve targeted one of the Mawbeasts and rolled three successful shoot actions, while the Mawbeasts only made successful survive check… basically exploding in a shower of

The aftermath of Shark Dude and Rocket Girl's attack.

guts.

But that wasn't the only chaos caused by Shark Dude and Rocket Girl, with three more survive rolls still to make on nearby Marauders. A Mawbeast in the same square rolled four successful survive rolls but was pinned by the blast, a Trooper also in the same square made two saves but was thrown by the blast backwards into the imaginary wall at the rear of the play area. He didn't take any damage from the wall slam but was pinned… guess you would probably be a little dizzy after being lobbed into a wall by a rocket blast.

Finally, another Mawbeast in an adjoining square was also thrown through the air but managed to avoid any walls, so was just pinned while the Mawbeast already injured and pinned by the Commander survived the blast but was now suppressed. Although Shark Dude and Rocket Girl had only killed one Mawbeast, the attack had been successful in pinning three Marauders and suppressing another.

MARAUDERS

Phew… after all that it was time for the Marauders to take their revenge but first I used a Surge Battle Card to add three extra cards to my hand. You never know when those extra cards could come in handy.

Seeing as the Rebs Commander could cause some serious damage with her Sniper Rifle, I decided to return fire with the Goblin Sniper. Normally, I would try and get the Snipers into cover but the red mist had descended and the Goblin could *just* see the Commander over the numerous buildings. The Goblin has the Marksman ability so had five dice to hit the Commander on a 5+ roll, the first roll resulted in two eights and three misses but the exploding eights meant two re-rolls, which resulted in another eight… wow, this was one lucky Goblin. The Commander rolled two successes but her Energy Shield absorbed another hit meaning she only took one point of damage but was pinned by the Goblin's attack. Curse that Energy Shield!

By Grant Mahoney

The other Goblin decided to

After the end of Round One, the Rebs appear to be in the best position.

join in on the Sniper Rifle fun and spotted a lone human Reb on the battlefield. Some lucky dice rolling resulted in another five successes, while the unfortunate human only scored two on a 6+ survive roll. The Goblin scored a decent headshot, killing the enemy immediately.

Unfortunately, there wasn't a lot to do after that as most of the Rebs were in cover or the Marauders were pinned. So one pinned Mawbeast got mean before sprinting (which counts as a short action for the Fast Mawbeasts) into cover while the other used a Battle Card to get mean before joining his chainsaw-wielding comrade in cover too. Finally the Pyro with his explosive cargo on his back decided it was time to get into cover too.

REBS

The Rebs were still pretty much intact and probably feeling pretty confident at this point. As such the Grogan with his powerful Desolator weapon took aim at a Marauder Trooper. Using a +1 Shoot Battle Card gave the Grogan five dice, needing 5+ to hit. Scared by the odds the Trooper used a +1 Survive Battle Card giving him four dice to score 4+. The Grogan scored three successes, while the Trooper survived twice. Normally the Trooper's armor would have soaked up the attack but the Grogan's Armor Piercing 3 resulted in one point of damage for the Trooper.

Next another Human Reb moved to get a shot at the Goblin Sniper… revenge for the

death of his fellow Rebel. The Reb rolled two successes, needing a 5+, while the Goblin's luck had clearly run out because he rolled zero successes on a 6+. With no armor to protect him, the Goblin was dead. NOOOOOOOOOOO!

Feeling cocky, another Human Reb decided the other Goblin would be an easy target. Not taking any chances this time, the Goblin used a +1 Survive Battle Card, which helped him to roll two successes against the Reb's one. Ha! The Goblin lives to fight another day.

MARAUDERS

For the Marauders' final turn, the Captain went straight for nearby cover, along with a Trooper and Mawbeast, who got mean before moving forwards. Meanwhile a trigger-happy Trooper shot at the Yndij Sergeant who made four successful Survive rolls against the Trooper's poxy three successes.

ROUND TWO

REBS

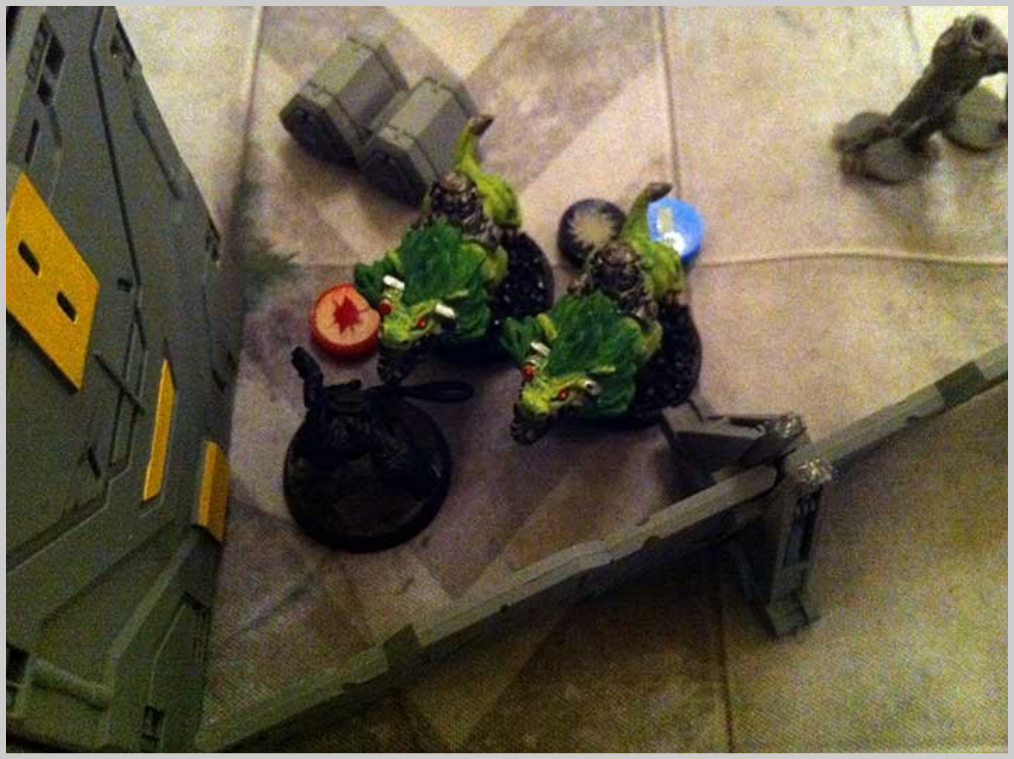
Round two and, seeing as the Rebs had finished first, they had the initiative. So, after missing his target the first time around, the Human Reb took another shot at the Goblin. Without the need to move, he took aim, giving him an extra dice, which helped him score three successes. Sadly, despite the fact the Gobbo used a +1 Survive Battle Card, he rolled zero successes… leaving a bloody corpse on the battlefield. That'll teach me for not moving the Snipers into cover.

The Yndij Trooper sprinted backwards into cover but managed to still fire off a shot at the distant Marauder Trooper. However, there was no damage as the Yndij only rolled one success, while the Marauder scored an admirable three successes. A Human Reb also aimed at the same Trooper but both rolled zero successes – the Reb just shot wildly into the sky, while the Marauder stood picking his nose. Finally the Grogan went onto Overwatch… carefully watching the battlefield for those pesky Mawbeasts.

MARAUDERS

With the Grogan on Overwatch, it was time for a bit of a decoy so a Marauder Trooper Blazed Away at the square containing the

By Claudia Zuminich



A pair of rampaging Mawbeasts can cause some serious damage.

Grogan and his Yndij pal. But before the Trooper had even managed to pull the trigger, the Grogan used Overwatch to shoot back – he scored two successes on the Overwatch but missed with the shoot action (two successes versus five), meaning the Trooper could carry on blazing away. After scoring five successes on the Trooper's blaze away action, the Grogan would have been pinned if not for the sneaky use of a Steadfast Battle Card, while the Yndij wasn't quite so lucky and was pinned behind some cover.

With the Overwatch now out of action, the opportunity was ripe to get the Mawbeasts into the thick of it. Using a free Move action card, combined with the Mawbeast's Fast ability, he sped up the battlefield and engaged the Grogan in chainsaw-wielding combat. The Grogan chose to fight back and used a +1 Fight Battle Card (giving him five dice because an ally was in the same square), while the Mawbeast also used a +1 Fight Battle Card, giving him five dice as well. Needing a 3+ the Mawbeast rolled four successes, while the Grogan only got one so even with the Grogan's Tough ability, it was still game over for the hulking alien. The Mawbeast now had a free action, after doubling his opponent, so leapt on the pinned Yndij – scoring two successes against the Yndij's one, resulting in an injury.

With one Mawbeast already causing some substantial damage, it was time for another to enter the fray. Using the same combo of a free Move action and sprint, the Mawbeast jumped into the same square and munched on the Yndij. With five dice to roll, the Mawbeast got four successes, while the space monkey scored only one. NOM NOM NOM NOM… the Yndij was dead and the Mawbeast increased his aggression. The conclusion of these two moves is: I love Mawbeasts!

Finally, the Marauder's turn ended with the Pyro slowly creeping closer to the enemy but keeping to cover and the remaining Mawbeast also ducking behind a building.

REBS

After seeing the damage that Mawbeasts can do, Steve's attention quickly turned to getting rid of them. The first was taken out by the Rebs Commander (six successes

versus one… ouch), while the second was dispatched by the Yndij Sergeant (three versus one).

So, with a sigh of relief, Steve focused back on Shark Dude and Rocket Girl and blasted a rocket at a Marauder Trooper. The Trooper was safe after the initial shot but he was surrounded by three other Marauder units in adjacent squares who would all need to make Survival rolls against the rocket blast. Luckily for them, Steve only rolled one success, despite having six dice, which meant a nearby Pyro doubled his roll and survived with no negative effects, a Mawbeast was pinned and the final Trooper also doubled. Shark Dude and Rocket Girl hung their head in shame at the terrible dice roll.

Finally Steve's remaining human took a shot at a Marauder Trooper but both rolled one success. Once again the Rebs had finished first, meaning they would have the initiative on the next round.

MARAUDERS

With not many units left, it was time to think about the Mission! I had drawn a card that meant I needed to control or capture the objectives on the board and also got points for killing enemy units – after the success of the Mawbeast attack, I now had four points in the bag. What's more, one of the objectives was tantalizingly close to my Trooper who had yet to be activated, so I used one of the Commando Captain's command points to roll for a command test. The Captain has five dice for the roll and scored two successes, which meant an unactivated model within four squares received a free short action… perfect for the Trooper.

He crept forward with his free action before sprinting towards the objective marker and turning it over to reveal a 'Y'. This meant if I was controlling that objective with no enemies in adjacent squares, I would score four victory points. However, it was risky to leave the Trooper exposed in the middle of the board, so I used a free move action card to put him into cover in an adjacent square… I would just have to bide my time and hope for the best in the following round.

TARGET Y
GOAL
VP
Kill 7-10 pt 1
Kill 11+ pt 2
Capture X 2
Control Y 4
Capture Z 2
"Capture" means you must have the only models in that cube.
"Control" means the same as Capture, plus there must be no enemy models in adjacent cubes.
FOE

At this stage it was time to concentrate on the mission, instead of killing the Rebs

REBS

Sadly, Steve wasn't going to make it easy for me and Rocket Girl and Shark Dude were keen to make amends for their terrible attack in the previous roll. This time they had far more success – killing one Trooper, suppressing the Mawbeast who had previously been pinned and then pinning/ throwing the Pyro.

Grok stands proudly over his captured objective

Next the attention switched to the Trooper close to the objective marker. First a Rebs Human took a shot but the result was a draw, followed closely by the Yndij Sergeant who only rolled one success, compared to the Trooper's two. Phew! Safe for now.

Steve finished by sniping the Pyro with his Rebs Commander. The leader scored two successes, while the Pyro failed to make a single save so, because of the Sniper Rifle's armor piercing, he was killed on the spot. Another game where the Pyro had failed to do anything constructive.

MARAUDERS

Victory was now within my sight, despite only having one Mawbeast, the Commando Captain and a Trooper left on the board… I just needed to capture one more objective and control the other.

Luckily within three spaces of the Captain was another objective marker so, using a free move action, he dashed over to the square and stood proudly over the counter, claiming two more Victory Points. Finally the other Trooper moved back into the square with the Y counter in and, with no enemies in the adjacent squares, claimed the remaining four Victory Points needed to win the game.

OUTCOME
Marauders win on Victory Points.

CONCLUSION

This was a very close game that could have really gone either way. Ultimately the Marauders were lucky to uncover that 'Y' objective marker without any enemies nearby. Without that it was fairly likely the Rebs would have picked off the remaining Marauders in the following round.

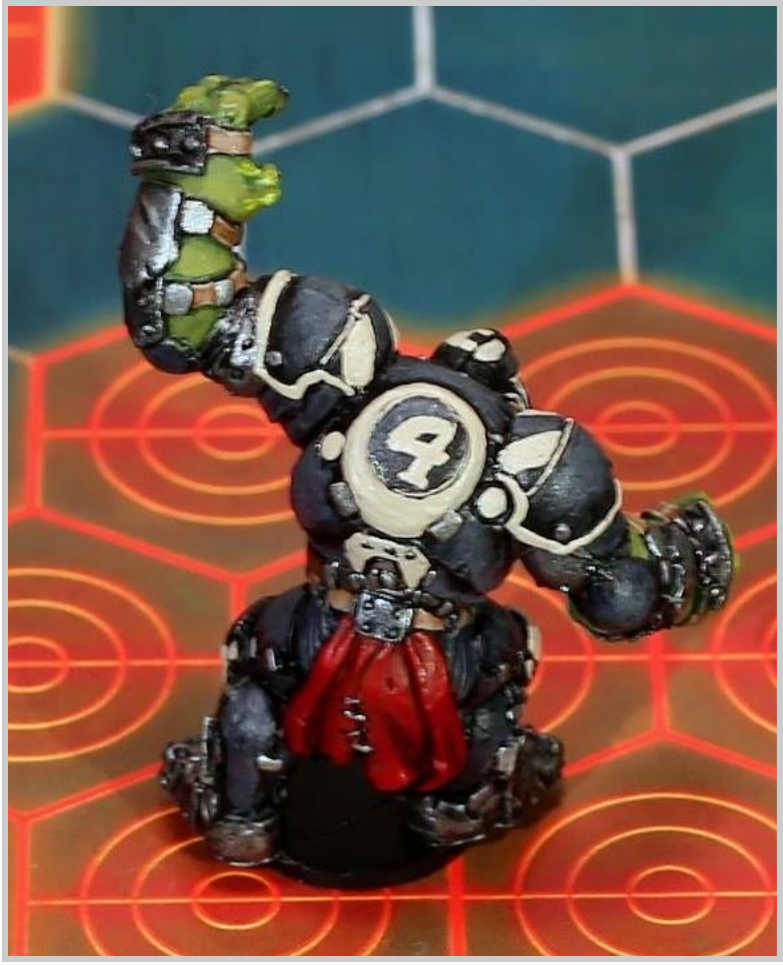
From a Marauders' point of view, the Mawbeasts are truly wonderful and, given the choice, I will always try and field as many of these as possible. They're super cheap at five points each and, thanks to their Fast ability, they can engage the enemy very quickly. Plus, a 3+ Fight stat is brilliant, which means they can take out much stronger units.

The Pyro sadly failed to do much in this game but I'm convinced that if he can get close enough, he'll be able to cause serious damage. It's probably best to keep him well hidden until the enemy comes close enough or keep sprinting between cover to get closer to the enemy units. The Goblin Snipers had some successes before getting easily wiped out but this could have been averted by using cover more wisely and ignoring the red mist!

The Rebs were actually very unlucky to lose. Steve had originally drawn a Mission Card that just involved killing the enemy but, worried that the Rebs wouldn't have the firepower, traded it in for a Mission Card that required him to move items off the board but with the Mawbeasts causing so much trouble, this proved tricky.

Shark Dude and Rocket Girl were certainly his most valuable units and wreaked havoc whenever they took a shot. The blast damage from each attack is a definite bonus and can easily disrupt an opponent with just one action. If Steve had been slightly more successful with his rolls, then the Marauders could have been wiped out. Meanwhile the Rebs Commander is a very nifty unit and the Energy Shield is a cool way to deflect damage, plus she's a great offensive unit too with a Sniper Rifle that can definitely pack a punch.

The War & Peace Games Club meets every Wednesday from 7pm until 11pm at Springfield Hall, Sandiacre, Nottingham. If you'd like to come down to play Deadzone, Dreadball, Kings of War… or anything else that takes your fancy, then drop us a line at wapgamesclub@gmail.com▪



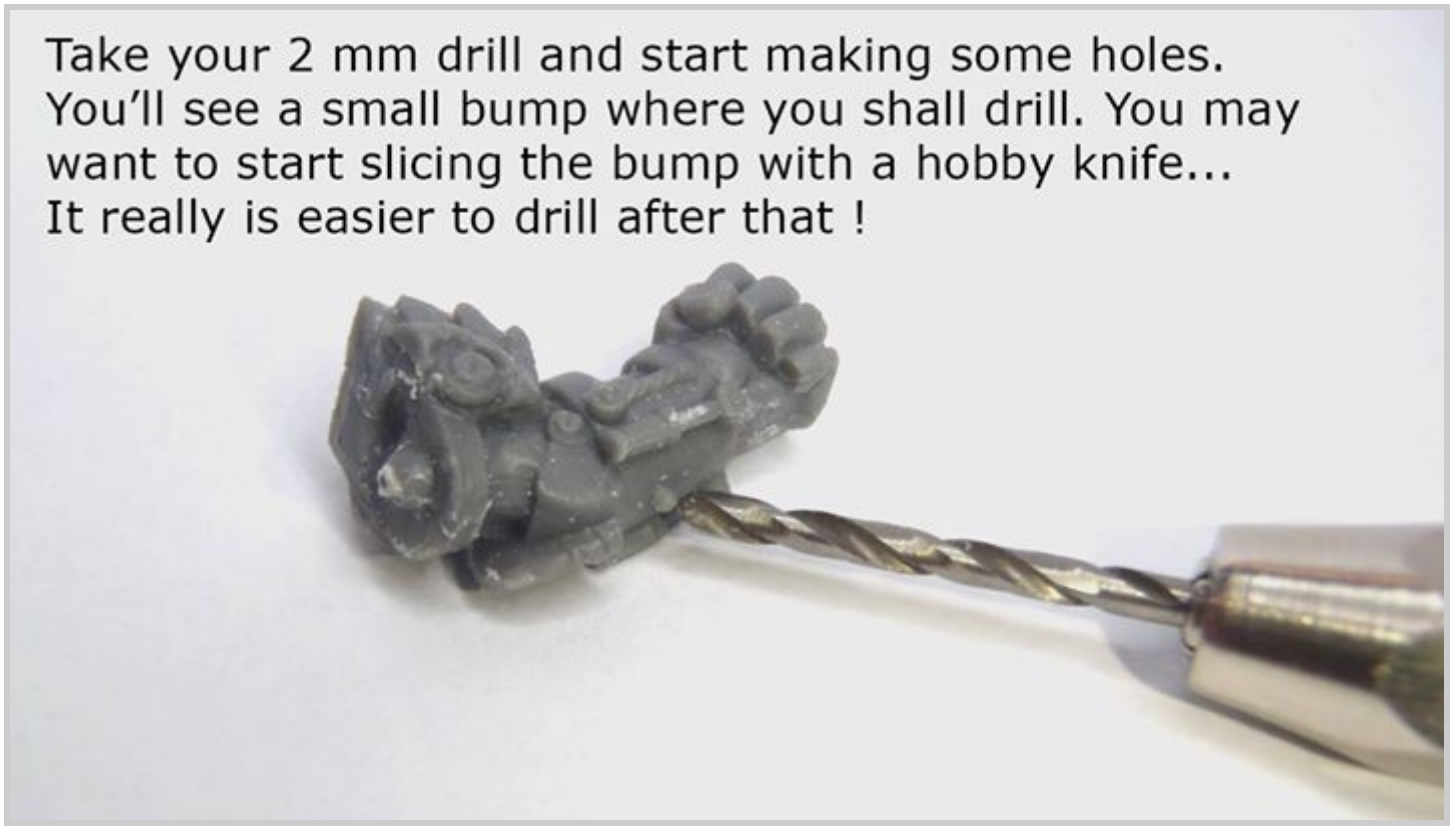
By Malcolm Blackwell

FUN WITH MAGNETS

Magnetizing a Ripper Suit

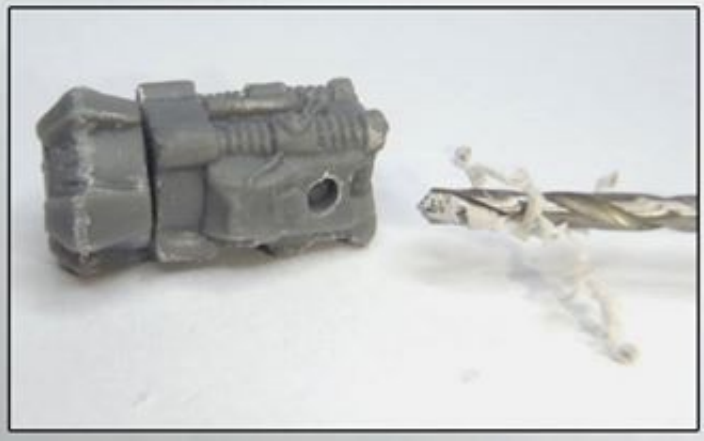
By Vincent Pascaud

Here are the tools you will need.
Nothing out of the ordinadary for the average Hobbyist ! A drill and superglue.
Small magnets are Neodymium (Rare Earth) Disc Magnets 2mm x 1mm. You don't really need bigger ones.
0.8 1.2 1.6 2.0 2.4 2.8 3.2
CITADEL
SUPER GLUE
THIN


Take your 2 mm drill and start making some holes.
You'll see a small bump where you shall drill. You may want to start slicing the bump with a hobby knife...
It really is easier to drill after that !

There you are. You don't need to go deep, remember the magnets are 1mm tall.

For the weapons, the drilling place is, naturally, the opposite of the bump : so a small hole. Easy to get it right !



By all means, get your polarity right ! It's a huge pain to remove a misplaced magnet, even not yet glued. Use this little trick to make no mistake...

Create a column of magnet coming from an arm. Glue the magnet at the end of the column to the weapons. Repeat with all weapons.

Now you might want to drill a second hole under the fist. Some big weapons do need the additional support. This second magnet is trickier to add as there are no remarkable spot on the miniatures.

And, yup, I made a mistake where you see green stuff. Wrong hole !

You want to glue the ammo on the gun. Trickiest part maybe : you need to make sure it's on the good position.

Finally ! The bond is really good and the weapon will fly its way on the good position as soon as the arm gets close enough.
Worth it just for that.

You also add a magnet above the right arms & accessories if you want full customization available.

Magnets everywhere...
Weapons !
Stuff !
Goggles !
Chainsaw !

By Michael DeFranco

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